

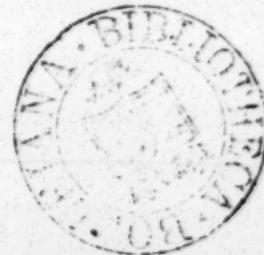
# REFORMATION

A

## P O E M.

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*Dii multa neglecti dederunt  
Hesperiae mala luctuosa.*



*Fæcunda culpæ sæcula-----*

HOR. OD. III. 6.

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By THOMAS SCOTT.

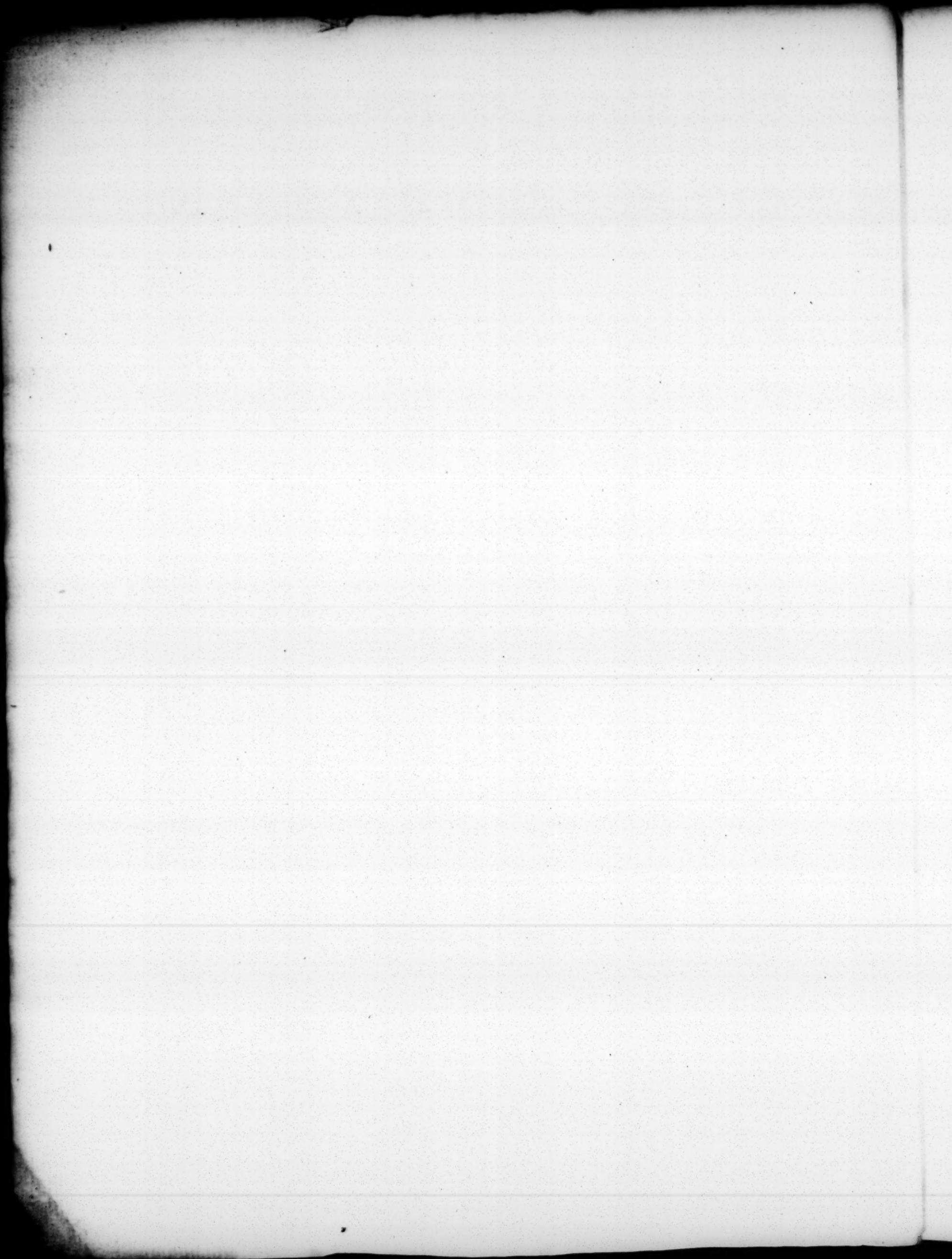
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## REFORMATION

A

## POEM.

H AS Earth no Judge? Or has that Judge  
no Rod

To awe the *Nations* who revolt from God?

Can Numbers his uplifted Arm suspend?

Or does th' Offence of Numbers less offend?

Where are Heav'n's Flood-gates? Where the  
boundless Store

5

Of Waters that in Earth's Abysses roar,

And

And tow'ring Billows o'er the Mountains rowl'd,  
 Which delug'd a whole harden'd World of Old?  
 Do *Sodom*'s Flames as a Mock-terror shine?  
 And thine, *Zeboim*? And, *Gomorrah*, thine? 10  
 Ah how unlike that joy-inspiring Scene  
 Where *Jordan* stream'd thro' Meads of living  
 Green!

Or mounting o'er his banks majestic rode,  
 And Blessings on the golden Year bestow'd.  
 Lot's raptur'd Eye the laughing Landskip  
 view'd; 15

Ah flatt'ring Choice! What bitter Woes ensu'd!  
 Impure Abodes, where not one Virtue breath'd!  
 Already was thy Sword, O *Heav'n*, unsheath'd,

Trembling

Trembling in *Zoar* when the Vengeance fell,  
 His Tongue the Horrors of that Hour could  
 tell : 20

He heard the hissing Storm, he saw the Fires  
 Shoot from the blazing Towns their sanguine  
 Spires.

The rocking Valley with a hideous Sound  
 Was rent asunder, rushing thro' the Wound  
 Howl'd a sulphureous Lake, which long and  
 wide, 25

Heav'd on the barren Strand its sluggish Tide.

HEARS HE no more, who hear'd *Gomorrah's*  
 Cry ?

Stands not his Throne tremendous still on High?

From

From thence in ample Prospect he surveys  
The Tribes of Men, and in his Ballance weighs. 30  
Nature's Eternal Law one Hand unfolds,  
The other his resplendent Arrows holds.  
And now he frowns, and now the bolt he throws,  
In vain the Mighty and the Wise oppose ;  
He blasts the Wife, he hurls the Mighty down, 35  
Strikes from a Tyrant's Head the guilty Crown,  
His Plagues with unremitting Anger shewr's,  
And on Apostate Lands Perdition pours.

I see th' extended Wand, I see thy Flood,  
Proud *Egypt*, trail a putrid Stream of Blood, 40  
Chastis'd by *Amram*'s Son. O'er *Zoan*'s Walls,  
On *Pharaoh*'s Couch the croaking Fen he calls.

Now

Now the Dust lives, and swarms with loathsome  
Pest;

*Egypt*, thy Gods their Impotence confess'd.  
Could they asswage the noisome Ulcer's  
Smart ?

45

Or shield thee from the Fly's envenom'd Dart?  
Or stop the rapid Plague which swept away  
Steeds Flocks and Herds, an undistinguish'd Prey?  
Gods of the Fields and heart-enliv'ning Vine,  
Stray'd you in Climes remote, or slept supine, 50  
When that huge Hail invading your Domains,  
With Thundrings mix'd and Fire and spouting  
Rains,

Tempestuous clatter'd; all the Vintage mash'd,  
All Shrubs, all Trees of lofty Stature crash'd,

Flew

Flew o'er the Fields with ruinous Career, 55  
 Shear'd the green Stem and crush'd the bearded  
 Year ?

Obdurate *Pharaoh*, dos't thou still withstand  
 The *Hebrew God*? Lo, thick as Ocean's Sand,  
 His Army floating on the Eastern Wind  
 Shadows thy Realm, black Famine stalks  
 behind. 60

But not the Darknes which on *Mizraim* fell,  
 Three Days impris'ning Fog and grofs as Hell,  
 Nor Hell's sad Visions glaring in the Gloom,  
 Could change his Purpose, and avert his Doom.  
 Forth went the slaughtring Angel, charg'd to  
 smite 65

Their First-born sleeping in the dead of Night.  
 Sounded

Sounded the sudden Blow which stopp'd their  
Breath,

The Palace and the Dungeon shriek'd out  
“ Death”

*Death* from the Regal City to the Bourn  
Of Idol *Ham* with horrid Yell they mourn. 70  
He yields: Anon, he leaps into his Car,  
“ Pursue” he cries, and furious heads the War.  
In the mid Sea, where pil'd on either Hand  
The mountain Waves a Wall of Crystal stand,  
Behold the flame-emitting Cloud devours 75  
Their Chariot-weeks, and fulminating pours  
Incessant Battel on their Host; *Dismay*  
Withers their Souls, and foulest Disarray

Men Steeds and Cars confounds: They turn,  
 they fly,  
 The mountain Waves fall bellowing from on  
 High, 80  
 With *Egypt's* Wrack the Deep is cover'd o'er,  
 And *Israel's* Shouts ring from yon echoing Shore.

URGE not that *Egypt's* Sin and *Egypt's* Fate  
 No Precedent for modern Times create.  
 Her Sin was Strife with God, all Sin's the same, 85  
 'Tis thine, O *Britain*, with another Name:  
 'Tis thine, while, opposite to Law supream,  
*Vice* floods thy Streets with an impetuous Stream.  
 Hath he no Plagues for thee? Go, bid him break  
 Nature's fix'd *Order* or his Throne forfase. 90

Is

Is *Order* broken, if, thy Sin to scourge,  
 On thy proud Fleets he dash th' o'erwhelming  
 Surge?

Does *Miracle* denounce his Ire, when War  
 Mows down thy Armies, when domestic Jar  
 Baffles thy Schemes, or Treason's perjur'd  
 Hand,

95

Rebellious, tears the Bowels of thy Land?

“ *War, Faction, Treason* have their Root below,  
 “ Ills which from Man’s licentious Passions grow.”

IMPUTE the Agency and Crime to Man,  
 Th’ Effects and use to God’s mysterious Plan: 100  
 All moral as all nat’ral Ill he fways,  
 And *this* Man’s Vice the Sins of *that* repays.

Th' incestuous Son, from whom his Father fled,  
 Aveng'd, *Uriah*, thy dishonour'd Bed :  
 Nor cry'd thy Blood from *Rabbah*'s Field in  
 vain,

105

When the sad Father wept the *Rebel* slain.

In hoary Age *Israel*'s uxorious Lord  
 Bow'd to the Shrines his wiser Youth abhorr'd :  
 The Curse came swift, the Bow of Fate was bent,  
 His Kindom by convulsive *Faction* rent ; 110  
 The Tribes revolted from a *Scorpion*-rod,  
 And *Rehoboam*'s Pride acquitted God.  
 Behold his Church by Storms of Discord tost,  
 In the blind Maze of Superstition lost,  
 Dissolv'd in Vice, her antient Faith effac'd, 115  
 And its great Author to the World disgrac'd.

Lo,

Lo, a *new* Plague in *Mecca*'s Sands is nurs'd,  
 Quick was its Growth, and forth the *Fury* burst:  
*Imposture* her Enthusiasts fir'd; her Swarms,  
 Rough as their native Desarts, rush to Arms: 120  
 On *Asia*'s Spoil the rabid Zealots fly,  
 Like Vulturs where the Field of Carnage ly.  
 As when, collected from unnumber'd Rills  
 Which gutter down the Sides of cloud-capt Hills,  
 Embodying Waters to a Torrent swell'd, 125  
 Shatter the Mound, by boist'rous Winds impell'd,  
 Foam o'er the Plains, and with a sweepy Sway  
 Bear Flocks and Herds and Cottages away;  
 So fierce *Arabia*, gath'ring all her Force,  
 Lays waste whole Kingdoms with resistless  
 Course,

130

The

The Empire of the *Cross* is half o'erthrown,  
And East and West *Medina*'s Prophet own.

O *GREECE*! O *Asia*! Realms of Old  
renown'd,

Here *Arts* the Throne of *Science* did surround :  
And here the Pow'r who form'd Earth Sea and  
Sky

135

His living Temple rear'd, and hung on High  
The golden Candlestick whose glowing Fires,  
O Piety, that *Energy* inspires,  
Which, Emanating from the Fount of Light,  
Rose like the Day-star on the World's long  
Night.

140

Dark Superstition now and *Turkish* Chains  
Curse these once happy and once honour'd Plains.

Nor

Nor one Asylum on the barb'rous Coast  
 Can Arts or Science or Religion boast.

Your Hour is pass'd, the golden Lamp  
 remov'd, 145

And other Climes are now by *Heav'n* belov'd.

THIS farthest Isle has felt the quick'ning Ray,  
 And feels it still but feels it in Decay.

Neglected *Truth* in vain her Witness bears,  
 To Towns, to Villages in vain repairs; 150

Instructs, admonishes, upbraids, invites,  
 Reasons with Strength, with Eloquence excites,

Whispers in Conscience, in celestial Page

Proclaims aloud *Heav'n's* Mercy and its Rage.

Deaf is the Palace, deaf the Prison's Ear, 155

People and Priests alike refuse to hear:

All

All Ages, Sexes, Orders thirst for Sin,  
 And with hydropic Av'rice drink it in.  
 Faithless of future, credulous to Sense,  
 Headlong we drive o'er ev'ry sacred Fence. 160  
 And Laws or human or divine disdain  
 In chase of *Pleasure* and in lust of *Gain*.  
 Bless'd by the Hand of God we thank our own,  
 Scourg'd for our Crimes we murmur at his  
 Throne.

His Altars we defraud, his Service hate, 165  
 Or with Mock-worship call him GOOD and  
 GREAT:

Now fear or seem to fear his vengeful Day,  
 And vow Repentance and with Fastings pray;  
 Then at a Ball, a Play, or Masquerade,  
 Our Fears all vanish, and the Vow's unpaid. 170

TH'

TH' Eternal Ruler in his Wrath descends,  
 The lofty Sky beneath his Motion bends,  
 Born on the Wings of all the Winds he shrouds  
 His Glory in a Night of smoking Clouds:  
 His sounding Chariot shakes th' ethereal Poles, 175  
 The Lightnings flash, the rattling Thunder rolls,  
 His awful Voice all Nature's Ear appalls,  
 While thus to *Britain* from the Gloom he calls.

HAST thou forgot th' illustrious Year of Old,  
 When thee, among the Slaves of *Rome*  
 enroll'd, 180  
 My Pow'r redeem'd and gave the Soul to spring  
 Unpinion'd, all her Vigour on the Wing;  
 She mounted where I mark'd the shining Way  
 And soar'd aloft in the full blaze of Day.

From that blest Aera, with a jealous Eye 185  
I watch'd my Fold in ev'ry Danger nigh,  
On verdant Hills, in flow'ry Valleys fed,  
And by the Side of peaceful Waters led :  
No Force could touch thee and no Fraud trepan,  
*Spain's* formidable Rage or Hell's Divan. 190  
Is that great Work lost from the Roll of Fame,  
When tott'ring to its Fall th' imperial Frame  
Of *Liberty* and *Truth* by *Nassau's* Hand  
(Stretch'd out to thy Relief at my Command)  
Was propp'd, and rising on its antient Base 195  
Stood firm, renew'd in Majesty and Grace.  
Again, when mighty Fogsoppres'd thy Throne,  
A *Brunswic's* Beams on thy Horizon shone,

Scatter'd

Scatter'd the Mist and in his cloud-less Sphere  
 With a bright Train of Blessings led thy  
 Year : 200

In *Brunswic's* Line I fix'd thy Scepter fast,  
 The Pledge of Happiness while Time shall last.

R U L E R S of *Britain*, nodding o'er your Trust,  
 Why is the Sword of Justice sheath'd in Rust?  
 Why are my Sabbaths, unaveng'd, pro-  
 phan'd ? 205

My Name with Oaths and Execrations stain'd?  
 Bold Scoffers and bold Perjurers arise,  
 Jeft with my Bolts, my sacred Things despise.  
 Lust prowls within your Walls without Controul,  
 Mad Drunkards riot o'er th' inflaming Bowl. 210

Vain Lux'ry, her infatiate Wants to feed,  
 Starts at no Wrong, dares ev'ry desp'rate Deed,  
 Saps her own House, and sinking, not alone,  
 Spreads Ruin wide and multiplies the Groan.  
 Hence venal Greatness, hence Corruption's  
 Trade,

215

The Bribe close-sticking, and the Trust betray'd,  
 Hence Slaves in Rags and Slaves in Robes, behold,  
 And shameless Conscience prostitute for Gold.

Is there no Intercessor? None to plead?  
 Where are the thin Remains of Virtue's  
 Seed?

220

Their Zeal is froze, their dying Lamp burns dim,  
 Asleep upon the common Tide they swim;

Rent

Rent by sharp Feuds, by love of Lucre led,  
 Like the vain World, in all its Follies bred.  
 How shall I yield thee up, my chosen Isle? 225  
 How shall I give thy Beauty to the Spoil?  
 How shall I make the Fate of *Admah* thine?  
 And mete out thee with curs'd *Zeboim*'s Line?

YET there is found in thee a vip'rous Breed  
 Deserters from my *Grace* to *Nature*'s Creed: 230  
 Who thieving from my Inspirations write,  
 Who style their pilfer'd Wisdom *Reason*'s Light;  
 Blaspheme like *Judah*, crucify again  
 My great *Anointed* and abjure his Reign.  
 For this I pluck'd up *Judah*, broke the Bands 235  
 Of Love and hurl'd her into distant Lands.

Half

Haft thou not heard her Tragedy that Day  
*Rome's* Legions round the holy City lay?  
 Strait was the Siege and Sore, by Want hard  
 press'd,

The Mother shook her Infant from the  
 Breast, 240

And her own Fruit devour'd; the Ruffian-blade  
 With Murders reek'd, nor skulk'd within the  
 Shade.

War thunder'd thro' the Breach, the Victors roar,  
 The vanquish'd Shriek, the Streets are bath'd  
 with Gore;

Th' insulting Soldier with remorseless Rage 245  
 Brains the young Birth and cleaves down hoary  
 Age:

My

My *Sanctuary* burns, the pompous Frame,  
 Bless'd with my Presence, honour'd with my  
 Name,

The Work of Ages, *Israel's* boasted Trust,  
 Sinks in one Moment and is laid in Dust. 250

*Britain*, beware; warn'd by Distress of late,  
 Whenthefierce Northdischarg'd upon thy State  
 Her Wolves, impetuous as the Whirlwind's Blast  
 Thro' half the ravag'd Land the *Terror* pass'd,  
 And shook your Capital: To me you cry'd, 255  
*My* rapid Hero instant Help supply'd.  
 (He, had your Sins not made his Valour vain,  
 Had fill'd with Trophies *Tournay's* bloody Plain)  
 Patient of Toil he braves th' inclement Sky,  
 Scarce suffers Sleep to touch his Eagle-eye, 260

And

And scorns the Bed of ease: His Acts inspire  
 Each Soldier's Breast and warm with kindred  
 Fire.

As Lightning swift and as my Thunder strong,  
 He darts, he blazes on the Rebel Throng:

*Amazement, Impotence of Mind, pale Fear* 265  
 Precipitate mingle Center Van and Rear;  
 O'er Hills, o'er Dales, like hunted Deer they  
 bound,

And panting pause on *Caledonian* Ground:  
 Short is the Pause, again alarming Fame  
 Repeats the dreaded Sound of *William's*  
 Name ;

270

Again with wild deformed Rout they fly,  
 As from the Royal Bird the screaming Fry:

Back

Back to their starving Hills the Robbers run,  
 And vainly the pursuing Vengeance shun:  
 Rebuk'd, still respited, with Speed repent. 280.  
 Or, rous'd again, my Fury shall augment:  
 New Plagues shall burst, and new Rebellions  
 spread

Rapine and wasting War with tenfold Dread:  
 Forth from his threat'ning Ports my Voice shall  
 call

The Terrors of the unrelenting *Gaul* 285.  
 To execute my Wrath and purge my Floor.  
 Then, peradventure, visiting once more  
 I'll raise thy Ruins, light my Lamp again,  
 Among thy *Converts* on my *Zion* Reign,

D

Will,

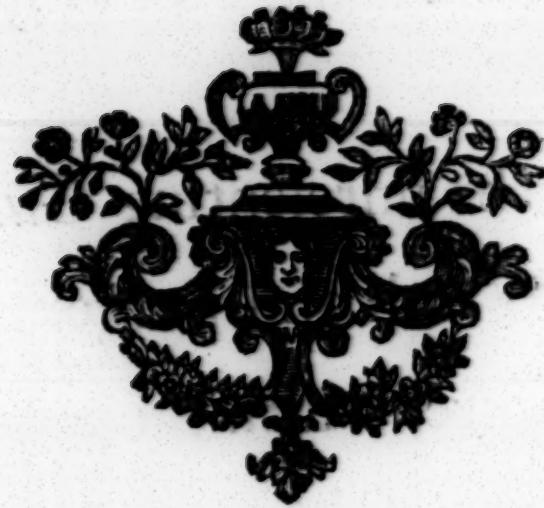
[ 26 ]

Will, like a Wall of Flame, thy Shore fur-  
round,

290

And chafe all Ill from my sequester'd Ground.

*F I N I S.*



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